Oh Richard! Yorke is too farre gone with griefe,
Or else he neuer would compare betweene.

King. Why Vnckle, whats the matter?

Yorke. Oh my liege, pardon me if you please,
If not, I pleasd, not to be pardoned, am content with all:
Seeke you to seize and gripe into your hands,
The roialties and rights of banisht Herford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Herford liue?
Was not Gaunt iust? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well deseruing sonne?
Take Herfordes rights away, and take from time
His Charters and his customarie rights;
Let not to morrow then ensue to day:
Be not thy selfe; For how art thou a King,
But by faire sequence, and succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you doe wrongfully seize Herfords right,
Call in the Letters patents that he hath
By his attournies generall to sue
His liuery, and deny his offered homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts,
Which honour and allegeance cannot thinke.

King. Thinke what you will, we seize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money and his land.

York. Ile not be by the while, my liege farewell,
What will insue hereof, there's none can tell:
But by bad courses may be vnderstood,
That their euents can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*

King. Go Bushie, to the Earle of Wiltshire straight,
Bid him repayre to vs to Ely house,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and 'tis time I trow;
And we create in absence of our selfe,
Our Vnckle Yorke, Lord Gouernour of England;
For he is iust, and alwayes loued vs well.

Come

Line 7 Hereford & Hereford. 12 Herefords.
18 Herefords. 27 landes.